

But I must also feele it as a man;  
I cannot but remember such things were  
That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,  
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,  
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,  
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine  
Fell slaughter on their foules: Heauen rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe  
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,  
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,  
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe  
Within my Swords length fet him, if he scape  
Heauen forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:  
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,  
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue  
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,  
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wraying  
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can  
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last  
walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue  
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-  
pon her, vlocke her Clofset, take forth paper, folde it,  
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-  
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receiue at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.  
In this slumbrly agitation, besides her walking, and other  
actual performances, what (at any time) haue you heard  
her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witness  
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-  
on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-  
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme  
thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in  
this a quarter of an houre.

Lady. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes  
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why  
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,  
a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes  
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much  
blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?  
What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that  
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this flar-  
ting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure  
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

Lady. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-  
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.  
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,  
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue  
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue  
dyed holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,  
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried;  
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:  
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's  
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisprings are abroad: vnaturall deede  
Do breed vnaturall troubles: infected mindes  
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:  
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:  
God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her,  
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,  
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,  
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my fight,  
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,  
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,  
His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff.  
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes  
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme  
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbaine be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File  
Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward's Sonne,  
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now  
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies:  
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesse hate him,  
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele

His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,  
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraide his Faith-breach:  
Those he commands, moue onely in command,  
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title  
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe  
Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,  
When all that is within him, do's condemne  
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,

To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,  
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,  
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,  
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:  
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:  
Till Byrnan wood remoue to Dunfinane,  
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy Malcolm?  
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know  
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:  
Feare not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman  
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then flye false Thanes,  
And mingle with the English Epicures,  
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,  
Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

*Enter Seruant.*

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:  
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and ouer-red thy feare  
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?  
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine  
Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at hart,  
When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push  
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.  
I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life  
Is false into the Seare, the yellow Lease,  
And that which should accompany Old-Age,  
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,  
I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,  
Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath  
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton?

*Enter Seyton.*

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be backt.

Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out inoe Horles, skirre the Country round,  
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:  
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,

As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies  
That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,  
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote  
Cleanse the stuffe bosome, of that perillous fluffe  
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:

Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast

The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,

I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,

That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,

What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge

Would scowre these English hence: hear't of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation

Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,

Till Birnan Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,

Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

### Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe,  
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,  
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand  
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnan.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,  
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our Host, and make discouery  
Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syew. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant  
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure  
Our setting downe before't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:

For where there is aduantage to be giuen,

Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,

And none serue with him, but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our iust Centures

Attend the true euent, and put we on

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Industrious